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Mrs. E. L. Baeyertz.

THE JEWISH LADY EVANGELIST.

'It pleased God who . . . called me by his grace to reveal his Son in me that I might preach him!' No words could more aptly be applied than these to the experience of Mrs. Baeyertz, now well known both sides of the world as the 'Jewish Lady Evangelist.' When Paul gave his life to 'preach the faith' which he 'once destroyed,' and the churches heard of it, it is written that 'they glorified God in me.' We earnestly pray that this brief epitome of the Lord's dealings with, and work through, his honored servant of to-day, may lead to the same result. She came to England as a 'messenger' to 'the churches' to 'the glory of Christ;' she leaves us now at his call (after twelve fruitful years in our midst) to be the same, we trust, to Western Australia, and any other place whither he shall call.

Mrs. Baeyertz was converted by the revelation of Christ to her soul, as she prayerfully read St. John's Gospel. This was soon after the sudden bereavement which left her widowed indeed. Of her previous life, in a strictly religious Jewish home in England; of the very strange ending of that home life, and the way in which, in the land of her adoption, she found a new home amid worldliness of every kind; of her marriage with a Christian, which severed her connection with many of her own family and race—we cannot now write. (For these, as for fuller details of the work in Australia and America, we refer our readers to her biography.) By strange paths the Lord was preparing her for the reception of the once despised Jesus as Saviour, and for service.

From the time of her conversion, her heart was filled with a longing to publish the good tidings. There was, therefore, a speedy entrance into all sorts of Christian work; but Mrs. Baeyertz soon became conscious that the results were small and conversions unknown. What was lacking? God had led her to Calvary; now she needed to know Pentecost's enduement. There came a week of waiting upon God for this, in company with a few like-minded. On the first of these days such an overwhelming revelation of the sinfulness of sin and his holy Presence was given that she feared to continue her search. But a friend encouraged her 'for Christ's sake' to 'follow on to know the Lord,' and 'for Christ's sake' she consented, whatever humblings or soul-travail it might bring. At the end of the gatherings for prayer, she rose from her knees, 'feeling' no experience of Power within. Brought face to face with the promises of the Word, she dared to 'receive by faith,' and went forth to find the Promiser faithful. At once souls were saved in class and district, and very soon a new sphere of work opened before her in Melbourne. There Dr. Singleton described her as 'a flame of fire,' and souls were converted in all her different meetings.

Just at this crisis, her 'reputation' had to be yielded up to the Lord with regard to addressing mixed meetings. It was evident he had chosen her to be one of his 'daughters' who should 'prophesy.' The first mission, held in a large theatre in Sandhurst, was followed by one at Ballarat. Here vehicular traffic was forbidden in the street where the theatre stood, on account of the crowds assembling for the services! At Adelaide, after a fresh test of her surrender of reputation, the new departure of a meeting for 'men only,' in the course of the mission, was started. This plan has been so abundantly owned of God, we do not wonder the enemy of souls sought to hinder its beginning. Six months' work on Sunday evenings in the Theatre Royal in Melbourne followed, and then the Lord began to indicate a new door of service.

For two years invitations had come from a former co-worker to visit New Zealand. Every natural desire rose against the suggestion, which was regarded as 'too painful and far-fetched to entertain.' The dread of the sea voyage, the loneliness of the new pathway, the separation from loved friends (including her only son), and apparently insurmountable difficulties, seemed to make refusal reasonable. But there came a day when, at a big

MRS. E. L. BAEYERTZ.

meeting for Christians taken by the Rev. H. B. Macartney, God met with Mrs. Baeyertz again in a special manner; this time the question was: 'Will you go to New Zealand and America for me?' The first place was no surprise—but America! She knew no one in that land, and of no openings for evangelistic work which she could enter. But the voice was clear, and response was prompt.

Thus, in simple faith that the Lord would 'go before,' provide open doors, and work, his servant left Australia for New Zealand at the close of 1889. She carried with her a letter signed by Dr. John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides, and thirteen ministers, recommending her to 'the churches of Christ wherever . . . she may be led, as a sister worthy in every way of their confidence and esteem, and as one eminently qualified by the Great Head of the Church to be their helper in the work of our Lord.' The letter contained this testimony:—

There is not a city, and scarcely a town or hamlet, in Victoria, where men and women won to Christ through her instrumentality, are not to be found.

In her own spiritual life the Lord was leading into deeper experience of the need of 'a clean heart.' Hours of agonized prayer for deliverance from sin's power marked this period of her history. At last, in a meeting, she knelt with her audience to seek the cleansing of life and deliverance from the bondage of sin which, in spite of Holy Ghost power in service, had not yet been received. Soon his voice was heard again, in the assurance: 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you'; and once more Mrs. Baeyertz took the Lord at his word, and she praised him for his gift. Dunedin, Christchurch, and other towns were visited in New Zealand. At Auckland, the afternoon Bible-readings often had an attendance of 1,000 to 1,500.

In spite of many requests that she should return to Melbourne, Mrs. Baeyertz pressed on along the line the Lord indicated. This led her to San Francisco, but her reception here was far from cheering. Nevertheless, the next week after landing saw her engaged in a week's meetings among the members of the Y.M.C.A.; these were followed by a mission in the First Baptist Church, and a time of great blessing. From California she passed to Hamilton and Toronto, and thence to Boston, where Dr. Gordon wrote very highly of the work. Practically the whole of Canada was now opened to her. Quebec had its wonderful gatherings, and Ottawa rejoiced in 'one long series of victories of the mighty conquering Jesus.' Everywhere in that great land God honored his servant by making her the instrument of winning hundreds of precious souls to himself; and speaking of the great crowds that gathered a Montreal paper thus writes:—

Where is the sober believer in the New Testament who will venture to ascribe this attracting power to other causes than that which drew the crowds to hear the Apostles on the day of Pentecost?

Taking ship from New York on April 13, 1892, Mrs. Baeyertz left America for the British Isles, uninvited by human call, but 'sent forth by the Holy Ghost,' as the sequel proves. Instead of welcome, suspicion and misunderstanding met her in some quarters. The first 'door' opened after arrival in Ireland, when she preached in Canon Daunt's schoolhouse in the afternoon and in the Methodist Chapel at night. Of several Irish Missions, the one in Dublin was especially blessed. A correspondent to 'The Christian' of that date reported as follows:—

From the first address given . . . it was evident that no ordinary teacher was amongst us. The meetings steadily increased in interest and numbers until the close, when the audiences began to assemble an hour and upwards before the time for commencing.

The Scotch missions were very much enjoyed as a rule by the evangelist, and must have brought great joy to the heart of the Lord who welcomed lost sheep of all ages and conditions of life to his fold from these. Of one of these Scottish missions we received

the news of 'such a poor beginning, not one seeker!' and the request, 'Pray the people in; I believe God will bless.' This sentence reveals the secret which lay behind the continual manifestation of his power in the missions. 'Ask and ye shall receive' is no dead letter, but a constantly proved law of the Kingdom to Mrs. Baeyertz. As a rule, hours are spent upon her knees every day during her missions, pleading for the crowds, the souls, and the blessing of believers.

The story of one of the countless instances of the result of close communion with her God comes from one who knows her well:—

While engaged in prayer one morning, the name of one of her acquaintances was peculiarly impressed upon her attention—'Go and see Mrs. So-and-so.' She hesitated, but still the suggestion was made, and she did what God told her to do. They prayed together for plain guidance as to an important step to be taken. As it afterwards proved, twenty-four hours delay would have cost the life of her friend, but God, according to his promise, gave wisdom liberally, and a valuable life was spared.

The power of the direct agency of the written Word of God in her experience necessarily leads her to use it largely, and to emphasize its value in all her missions. The after-meetings are really homely gatherings around that precious Book, when the seekers are encouraged to look at the verses referred to, and the Holy Ghost is trusted to apply the truth. No wonder the converts usually all 'stand'! Their faith rests upon what God says, and they are born again of the Spirit in answer to much prayer.

As to the permanence of the work, a lady from the North of England wrote of many who were

'living for God' in that town, who had all of them been under Mrs. Baeyertz's ministry at some time, and of many there who 'have never fallen away, but have been "kept by the power of God."'

The same letter testifies to blessing received through the published 'Addresses,' 'full of the practical, helpful truths which become part of one's life.'

To the Christian, as to the unsaved, the authority for all Mrs. Baeyertz's statements is pointed out in the Bible, which no 'higher critic' has ever robbed of its perfection and full inspiration for her.

A few brief notices of other missions in Great Britain may be given. In London the Lord called her first to the Westbourne Grove Baptist Chapel; but many churches and halls have been the scenes of her labors and the birthplace of souls in the great cities. From other towns we get such testimonies as these:

God's working in our midst has been made manifest. . . . We never saw deeper conviction, and it was an easy matter to lead the souls to rest in the Lord. . . . Over two thousand people heard the message on the last Sunday evening, and hundreds could not gain admittance.

'I'm so afraid of speaking of numbers lest I grieve the Spirit,' is Mrs. Baeyertz's heart-attitude towards statistics. Where these are quoted 'to God be the glory.'

Often some special trial of faith accompanied the work or the circumstances of God's servant; but 'peace, peace,' is the testimony at such a time. And of a time of physical suffering before a mission she wrote:—

It must be the very best preparation for his most blessed service, so I have been full of praise.

The widespread character of the blessing given, is revealed in the fact that in one (not a large mission) thirty churches were represented among the inquirers; and in a still more memorable time in Glasgow, attendants at fifty-two different churches were numbered among those converted; while in Bath the number of churches represented was sixty-two. During a short mission in Wimbledon over 300 souls professed to find salvation.

The last messages in London were delivered in an encouraging mission in Padding Baths; and the Lord sent Mrs. Baeyertz to Southborough to tell out his love for the last time before sailing from England. Like Abram of old, who obeyed and went out not knowing whither he went, the Lord's messenger returns to Australia, not to a part where known or invited by man, but—as she believes—under the leading of the same spirit who sent her through New Zealand, America, and our own islands. With heart shrinkings similar to those which marked her experience before leaving Australia, Mrs. Baeyertz regarded this at first; but to him she turned, of whom she wrote: 'Oh, the exceeding preciousness of himself. Praise his Name for ever! Nothing can separate us from him.'

Thousands in this land will surely follow with prayer the one who brought them to Christ, or led them into more abundant life. —H. C. N., in the 'Christian.'

Sunday Work in England.

When spending a happy Sabbath in a quiet mining English village, my host spoke of a marvellous religious awakening that had, a short time before, sent nearly everybody thereabout to worship God in church or chapel. They had heaven in their Sabbaths. I asked if letters were delivered there on the Lord's day, and being answered in the affirmative, I wished to know if the postman was a devout worshipper. 'He is a bad man, sir; he is a very devil, sir.' I could not but intimate very strongly that it was not improbable that these thoughtless saints had very thoughtlessly driven him to denounce them in his heart as hypocrites and damaged himself; and urged them to take steps to discontinue the postal delivery on the day which the Lord had sanctified. The postman needs a day of rest like other people; and all who claim it for themselves sin against the postman if they do not give it to him. 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them: for this is the law and the prophets,' enforced by Jesus Christ himself in those words. Mr. Allen illustrates the evil effects that show themselves in some cases from refusing body and brain the rest of the Sabbath. These may not appear in all cases, but they must exist in some measure.

While visiting a friend a short time ago, I was shown an album. One portrait in it was that of a fine, handsome man in the full vigor of life. 'You might have taken a lease of his life,' remarked his sister. 'But now there is no hope of his recovery,' observed his brother. His sorrowing wife is more lonely than a widow, and two dear little children are far worse off than orphans. Because the husband and father has lost his reason? Why? 'Overwork and anxiety,' was the reply. He had a good position, with a fair income, but he lost his position, lost his income, and lost his reason for the want of rest. Ceaseless toil produced softening of the brain. 'He had no time to go to the house of God on Sundays. He was too busy. He had writing to do.' Poor fellow! how little did he think that soon all his time would be spent in the dreary society of those afflicted like himself! If he had only had his Sunday's rest and worship! If that busy brain had thrown away the accounts and the books one day in seven, he might now have been happy in the bosom of his family.

Take another case, that of a man in more humble circumstances. For seven years he filled the position of a ticket-taker at a London pier. From eight o'clock in the morning till dusk, day after day, week after week, for seven years he stood at his post. During the whole seven years he only had two days' rest. At last his reason tottered, and he was carried away a victim of Sunday pleasure-seekers—a victim of those who carry out the principles of the Sunday League.—'Day of Rest.'

Work on the Sunny Side.

(The Rev. T. C. Smith.)

This is not always done, even by the good Christian. A good sister said to me: 'My father never gives me any sunshine when I am ill. He never was ill, and he cannot reflect any light of sympathy on one who is out of health.' Samuel Johnson (stalwart, robust, and never ill) scolded Boswell, his companion for shivering with the cold, as he also did Sir William Scott for having the headache. If Johnson worked in the sunshine of good health he at least failed to reflect his light and his warmth to those who needed it from him—a serious fault. There are times when even excellent Christians sit or work in a north shade, all needlessly. Elijah did so for forty days, at Mount Horeb. Paul showed signs of it several times. Luther was once so deeply depressed that his wife asked him: 'Is God dead?' Even the great, strong, cheery, sunny Moody owns up to one attack of blues. But is there need of being in the north shades of depression when the sunshine of God's love and good cheer awaits us on the south side of Christian life? Paul and Silas, in the Philippian dungeon and painful stocks, placed themselves in the sunshine of God's favor by singing a psalm of praise in their night of suffering.

Notes and Notices.

An Unusual Opportunity.—Attention is directed to W. M. Ostrander's advertisement on another page of this paper. Investors are offered one of the choicest and safest investments on the market. If those who are looking for a safe investment for their money where it will earn good dividends will read this advertisement carefully it will pay them. W. M. Ostrander is in a position where he can afford to be extremely particular, and he offers to the investors only the propositions that he has thoroughly investigated and found that he can safely recommend. Last year's advertising brought proposals to handle 600 big investment propositions, out of the 600 eight were accepted. Many of the other 592 were very good, but none were quite up to Mr. Ostrander's high standard. When he is not satisfied with every detail of a proposition he takes the safe course by refusing to handle it upon any terms. Don't let this opportunity pass, but write to Mr. Ostrander and let him send you further particulars of what he has to offer.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Piece of Leslie's Mind.

(Carroll Watson Rankin, in the 'Wellspring.')

'It's a beautiful cake,' said Leslie holding it as far away as her strong young arms would permit, to admire its frosted surface.

'Really,' said Mrs. Perrin, when the girl had left the room, 'I'm proud of Leslie. Everything she is taking to the fair this year is so good. Her water-color head is beautifully done, and her embroidery is excellent. There is no reason why she shouldn't take half a dozen prizes.'

Leslie was of very much the same opinion as she boarded the electric cars with her big basket and two bundles. All the way to the fair, she made calculations with her pencil on the margin of her premium list, and she was much pleased by the result.

'Thirteen dollars and a half if they all take first prizes,' said Leslie, with a sigh of satisfaction. 'Such an easy way to earn one's Christmas money! I'll be able to buy all my presents, for once.'

Behind the counter in the administration building, she found Wilbert Lane and Virginia Macey, in charge of the entry books.

'Why, Virginia,' she exclaimed, 'I didn't expect to find you here.'

'Neither did I, half an hour ago,' laughed Wilbert, 'but she deserves a medal for saving my life. I was so rattled before she rescued me that I found myself entering rabbits as 'domestic handiwork' and spelling 'pig' with two g's. My! What a splendid cake! Do I get some of that?'

'Perhaps, when the fair's over, we'll have a picnic and eat our exhibits, as we did last year. Katherine Parks has some beautiful fudges and chocolate creams—we'll invite her too.'

'Them, you mean,' said Virginia, handing Leslie her entry cards.

Leslie carried her pictures to the art department, her needlework to the women's building, and her cake to its proper destination. In each place she found that her handiwork compared very favorably with that already entered. In the art department, Mrs. Frost and Edward Parks were busily engaged in hanging pictures and other things; for art, as interpreted in Knox County, was a broad term; like charity, it covered a multitude of sins—crimes, Mrs. Frost called them. She was holding one aloft, as Leslie proffered her exhibits.

'What in the world is that?' asked Leslie.

'Sh!' whispered Mrs. Frost. 'The man at your left brought it. It seems to be a wreath of cotton-batting water lilies encrusted with salt. There's a bouquet of hair flowers in the show case, and a statue of Washington made of raisins with pop corn for eyes, on the shelf behind you. Here's a bas-relief of Roosevelt, in chewing gum, and a bust of Patrick Henry carved from one of soap. My! This head of yours is fine! You did that landscape from life, didn't you? I recognize that place.'

Because of the miscellaneous character of its contents, the building over which Mrs. Dollar presided had no name. It was usually spoken of without formality as 'the cake-and-pie building,' or 'the jelly-and-jam department.' In addition to sheltering baker's goods and preserves, one side of the building was devoted to the fruit exhibit. This belonged properly to the agricultural hall, but one year the judges found only empty plates when they went to award the prizes, small boys having annexed the exhibits. Mrs. Dollar, whose cherished plums had vanished, thereupon announced her intention of taking all future displays under her own wing.

'I guess,' Mrs. Dollar had said, 'if I'm capable of keeping my plums on the trees until fair time, I'm capable of keeping them on their plates for five days longer.'

There was no doubt of Mrs. Dollar's capability, and she became guardian of the fruit as well as of the pies and cakes.

'Why, this is the nicest place of all,' said Leslie, relinquishing her cake. 'How good it smells in here!'

'Makes you hungry, doesn't it?' said Mrs. Dollar, 'Here, have one of my doughnuts. I guess this is the hungriest spot in the country. I always keep something on hand for hungry visitors. My girl makes a big batch of doughnuts or cookies every day. I guess that's one reason I don't have much trouble keepin' the boys out of the fruit. My! that's a nice-lookin' layer cake. Hope you'll get the prize. I never saw smoother frosting.'

The following day Leslie visited all the departments where she had exhibits. Their chances seemed good, but in each place her confidence was a little shaken. There was more competition than she had expected.

'That water-color head,' she said, noticing one that Virginia Macey had entered, 'looks a great deal more like a poster. If the judges go by size, I'm simply lost, that's all. Then there's my cake. It seems to me that half the cooks in town have made layer cakes—but I know mine's the best.'

By Thursday afternoon, premium ribbons were fluttering from the successful exhibits in every department, and there was a decided change in the atmosphere. During the earlier part of the week, the faces of the exhibitors had worn eager, hopeful expressions. Now, however, the persons pressing against the railings or rushing to and fro from building to building could easily be divided into two distinct classes. The prize-winners were jubilant and triumphant, and their faces showed it. Those whose exhibits had failed to take prizes were disappointed, often indignant, and their countenances, too, showed the state of their feelings. The persons in charge of the departments were sympathetic or apologetic, and were doing their best to explain the reasons for defeat. One superintendent, more timid than the rest, had taken refuge in flight; the judges kept their badges in their pockets. Some of the disappointed suffered in silence, but not all; for the suave gentleman in charge of the agricultural building was busy dodging unsuccessful potatoes, while trying to prove that the prize cauliflower was really better than the one that failed to capture a premium. The secretary was flying from building to building to straighten out unforeseen difficulties, and the president, entrenched behind the counter of his office, was soothing savage beasts, with tactful words. Long experience had made him an adept at pouring oil on troubled waters.

Leslie Perrin had not been able to attend the fair that afternoon, but rumors had soon reached her, and she was not pleased. Not being pleased always meant in Leslie's case being very much displeased, for she was an outspoken young person, and when things went wrong at home she usually mentioned it with some vigor. Her mother often remonstrated in this wise:—

'Leslie, you must control your temper. It isn't ladylike to burst out in that fashion when things go wrong. It's a bad habit to get into. Some day you'll fly into a rage and say things that you'll be ashamed to think of afterwards. Don't be so hasty—wait until the next day.'

'But it's all gone the next day,' objected Leslie.

This was quite true. When Leslie had spoken her mind, the matter was settled, so far as she was concerned; but her victim—usually a relative—wished that Leslie were not so easily stirred to wrath, or so unpleasant when she was stirred. Mrs. Perrin was much worried over her daughter's quick temper, but seemingly there was no cure for it.

Friday noon found Leslie's young friends Katherine and Edward Parks and some other young people, making preparations for a picnic on the grass in the huge field used as an athletic field. Wilbert paid them flying visits, but was too busy to stay long, and Virginia was too occupied with a case of conscience to remember the picnic; but the party was a merry one, nevertheless. Before joining her friends, Leslie had made a tour of investigation among the buildings, where she had found things even worse than she had expected. Aside from a few second prizes, she had failed in every department, not because her exhibits were not meritorious, but because there was so much competition. Leaving the art department, she turned toward Mrs. Dollar's building. The band, however, had paused before it on its way to the grand stand, and was playing a lively march. Leslie, knowing that it would be impossible to get through the listening crowd, returned to her friends without learning the fate of her cake.

'It's the meanest thing I ever heard of,' said Leslie, with blazing eye. 'Somebody entered a picture that's nothing in the world but a poster, as a water-color head. Just because it was bigger than mine, it took the prize. I know my doilies were the best there, and I never saw a prettier sofa pillow than mine. The judges havn't any sense—they don't know pillows from—'

'Why don't you tell 'em so?' asked Edward, mischievously. 'They've been catching it all round for the last twenty-four hours. I tell you, folks don't know what they miss when they decline to act as judges at country fairs. The gratitude that pours in—'

'Now, you hush,' said Katherine, arranging sandwiches on a wooden plate. 'It's a mean shame, Leslie, and I think something ought to be done about it. Your things were just lovely. Why, there isn't a scrap of cake! Didn't anyone bring cake?'

'I've a perfectly delicious fig cake over in the cookery place,' said Leslie, springing to her feet. 'Now that the things have been judged, I'm sure Mrs. Dollar will let me have it.'

'Wait a minute,' said Edward, clutching her skirt. 'Did you say fig cake? Was it on a big blue plate?'

'Yes,' said Leslie; 'what of it?'

'Well, guess you'll not need to go after it, that's all. Your cake's not there.'

'Not there! Where is it, then?'

'It's eaten. Some of the boys stayed pretty late last night to work on the new band stand—the old one collapsed, you know—and they were just starved. Mrs. Dollar was sent for to go home early that night—a neighbor's baby had croup—so she handed her keys over to Wilbert Lane, and rushed off to save the baby. I guess Wilbert was hungry, too; but, anyway, they ate up two cakes, and one was yours. They said it was good.'

Leslie's eye blazed. It was the last straw.

'I'm just going to give those folks a piece of my mind,' said she, starting hastily to-

ward the buildings; 'I've been robbed at every turn.'

Indignant Leslie made straight for the cookery building. The crowd had followed the band to another portion of the fair grounds, and her way was clear. She rushed up the steps with a flood of angry words at her tongue's end; but at the door she suddenly paused and stood as if petrified. Only a few persons were in the building. Stout Mrs. Dollar, calm and placid as usual, sat near the fruit she was guarding. Back and forth before her raged the owner of the other cake. The furious woman was an unlovely spectacle as she stamped her foot on the floor and poured out a flood of anger in a tone that was in itself an insult. Leslie shuddered as she listened.

'If my cake was good enough to eat it was good enough to take a price' screamed the woman. 'You're all thieves and robbers, the whole lot of you—and you're the worst of the lot. I bet the Dollars ate that cake for their supper. It took seven eggs to make that cake and you've got to pay them back. Do you hear. You've got to pay them back. I will sue you for damages. Where are them judges? I'll tell the president on you—I'll sue the company—I'll—'

The woman paused to recover her breath, and then let loose a second torrent of vituperation, ending at last with the words, 'There, now, what do you think of that?'

'I think you must be feelin' quite relieved by now,' said Mrs. Dollar, pleasantly. 'Is there something I can do for you, Leslie?'

The angry woman opened and closed her lips several times, but no words came; she brushed past Leslie and bustled off toward the administration building to tell the president what she thought of him. Mrs. Dollar repeated her question.

'Yes—no,' replied Leslie, whose eyes had grown almost dovelike in their mildness. 'Nothing, thank you, I came to get my cake for the picnic, but really it doesn't matter.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Dollar, 'I felt real put out about those two cakes—I'll give you a plate of my seed cookies for your picnic. The lads worked like Trojans over that stand, and you can't altogether blame them for bein' hungry. They did have the grace to leave a little piece of your cake—enough for the judges to taste—and I told 'em it looked as good as it tasted, so you got the first prize. But land! Them boys made a terrible mistake when they picked out Mrs. Greenbaum's for the other. 'Twas a good cake, but there ain't a worse-tempered woman in the county. I'm thankful you were the other victim. Another like Mrs. Greenbaum would have taken all the tucker out of me.'

Leslie flushed and stammered, 'I'm much obliged for the cookies,' said she. 'I—I never was so thankful for anything in my life.'

'Why, they're just plain cookies,' said Mrs. Dollar. 'I'm sure you're welcome.'

Leslie, however, did not explain that she had a far deeper cause than cookies for her thanksgiving. Nevertheless, whenever she was again tempted to give anyone a piece of her mind, she had only to think of the sample she had seen of Mrs. Greenbaum's.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

When Friends Were True.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Junior C.E. World.')

They kept the toll-gate at the end of the Gobang bridge—Nellie Bly and her brother Alphonso and their father and mother. Mr. Bly had kept the toll-bridge, of course, in the happy times when he was well; but now he had been ill for a long time, and Mrs. Bly had to spend almost all her time in taking care of him, and Nellie and Alphonso were really the keepers of the toll-gate and of the little shop that was hitched on to the toll-gate, where they sold sandwiches and cakes and candy, chiefly to the lumbermen who came down river on their rafts. For a month, now, neither Nellie nor Alphonso had been able to go to school at all, for their father was in the Gobang hospital, and their mother went every day to see him.

'Nellie Bly, you must be a woman,' her mother said every day when she started off over the long bridge to the Gobang hospital. And she looked into Nellie's eyes, and smiled, although Nellie knew that she felt more like crying.

Of course she could be a woman! She was eleven, 'almost half-past eleven,' Nellie would answer hopefully. She could take the toll just as well as if she were thrice as old and a head taller.

And Alphonso, who was not quite ten and small for his age, had a head for figures, and could remember the prices of everything.

Even if there should be a crowd of people crossing the bridge on foot and in carriages, Nellie could take the toll. Even if there should come down river the great fleet of rafts that they were expecting on any one of these spring days, Alphonso could tend the store.

Even if a crowd of those rough boys from Turtle Hollow came along, Nellie would not let them 'run their toll'; no, indeed, she certainly would not!

She said that very positively one Saturday afternoon, the time when the Turtle Hollow boys were likely to come, because her father was to undergo an operation in the hospital, and her mother was very anxious. On this day, most of all, Nellie wished her mother to feel sure that she could be a woman.

There was much driving to and from Gobang that afternoon, but Nellie quite forgot to look into the fine carriages, as she was in the habit of doing, in search of a little girl who was her very dear friend, although she had only seen her once, and although this friend was a very rich little girl, whose father had built the great, handsome house on Walnut Hill, and she was only Nellie Bly, whose father kept the toll-gate. Had not the little girl said, as they had looked into each other's eyes at parting: 'Now remember, we are friends forever!' It was only as the little girl was going away that they had met. The little girl was in a carriage, and carried her kitten in a basket. The little girl had screamed, and the nursery-maid had screamed, and the coachman had jumped out and chased the kitten, and the kitten had been so frightened that it had tried to scramble down over the rocks, and had fallen into the river.

While every one screamed still more, Nellie and Alphonso had run down the back steps of their shop, which extended to the river, and waded in, and rescued the poor little half drowned kitten.

The coachman had wished to pay them, but they had refused to take money. Nellie had felt more than paid when the little girl had said that they would be 'friends forever.' The toll-house was a good way off from other houses, and Nellie had but few friends.

The great house on the hill had been closed the next summer, but Nellie had not yet ceased to wonder whether her friend would ever come again.

On this afternoon she had too much on her mind to think of looking into the fine carriages, even before a whole crowd of Turtle Hollow boys came in sight. When that happended, her heart beat fast. There was not much danger that they would try to 'run their toll,' she thought, with all those carriages near at hand; but one could not tell what they might do if they should find out that Alphonso was alone in the shop.

They stood near the shop door, as many as a dozen of the rough boys, and then they all suddenly rushed in! Oranges, corn balls, and sandwiches, came flying into the street! Nellie left the toll-gate, and hurried to the shop. A big coachman from one of the carriages had got there before her, and the boys were being driven out.

But two of the largest had seized Alphonso, and were dragging him along with them in spite of his screams and struggles. The coachman had to return to his horses, which were becoming frightened by the uproar. The boys were running their toll, and they were dragging Alphonso along with them. You never could tell what those Turtle Hollow boys would do. And now they were angry and disappointed at being driven out of the shop, where they had expected to have a big feast. Nellie was even afraid that they really might throw Alphonso—who was such a little fellow!—over the bridge into the river.

She ran on after them, crying for help with all the breath that she could spare from running; but the people on the bridge saw only an angry little girl running after some boys, who perhaps had been teasing her, and took no notice.

They thought all the more that it was only fun because one of the bad boys kept shouting back to her, 'Nellie Bly shuts her eye'; and Nellie wished that her mother had remembered when she named her that there had been a Nellie Bly in a silly old song.

There were policemen in Gobang. If the bad boys did not throw Alphonso into the river before they reached the city, she might find one, thought Nellie, as she ran on.

There was no one to take the toll! The neglect might cause them to lose the place. And the little shop was left to wreck and to ruin. She had promised her mother that she would be a woman; yet what could she do? So thought poor Nellie, and felt that her troubles were greater than she could bear, forgetting that God's watchful care was over her and Alphonso and the toll-gate and the little shop.

In the meantime a little girl had hopped out of the carriage whose horses had been so frightened.

'Michael, you stand by the horses. Oswald, you take the toll, and I—I will tend to the store until Nellie Bly comes back. There is a reason, a great reason, you know, Oswald, why we should do all we can to help Nellie Bly,' she said.

'Of course there is! And of course we should help her if there wasn't,' said her brother Oswald as he swung himself out of the carriage. Oswald was almost thirteen, and he felt as if he would rather follow those roughs and rescue the little fellow than to stand and take the toll. He felt that that would be the manly thing to do, but a moment's thought showed him that the better

way was quietly to take the toll, since he was no match for all those boys.

He often found that he did pretty well to listen to his sister Constance, if she was but eleven, and a girl.

But he thought it wise to warn Constance that she didn't know the prices of things, and would better not sell anything until Nellie Bly came back. And Miss Sharpe, the governess, called from the carriage that she was afraid it would not be at all a proper thing for her to take charge of the shop.

'But I have longed all my life to sell some things in a shop,' cried Constance. 'And I can sell a lot. Oh, you will see that I can before Nellie Bly comes back.'

Now the fact was that Constance had been ill for a long time, and for that reason she was being petted and allowed to do very much as she liked. And, besides, Miss Sharpe was a kind-hearted person herself, and she wished Nellie Bly's little shop to be taken good care of. So she, too, got out of the carriage, and went into the shop, and sat upon an orange-box, which was hardly large enough as she was a very portly person; but she did not mind being a little uncomfortable, since it now looked as if the shop were being properly kept.

And, as the fine carriages stopped for Oswald to take the toll, the people who were in them looked into the little shop, and saw Constance's yellow head behind the counter, rising above the stacks of corn balls and the heaps of oranges and the jars of sandwiches and cakes. They saw Miss Sharpe, too, seated upon the orange-box, with her silken skirts spread about her as if she were 'making a cheese.' And they said to one another in great surprise:

'It is Judge Farrar's little daughter, with her governess, who is keeping the shop. Let us go in.'

Now it happened that just at that time Judge Farrar was likely to be chosen to fill a very high office, and people were much interested in him. And for that reason they were curious to go in and see his daughter behind the counter of the little shop.

And, when they went in, of course they bought something. The little shopwoman was very eager and smiling, and said, whenever she had a chance, that she was helping Nellie Bly because she was in trouble. And people wondered that they had not thought more about helping the Blys, since they had known that they were in trouble.

They began to refuse to take change, just as if it were a table at a charity fair, instead of only the little shop at the end of the toll-bridge.

Dimes, quarters, half-dollars, even dollars, dropped into the money-drawer, and scarcely a penny had to come out. Miss Sharpe had to get up from the orange-box, that they might get the oranges out of it to sell, because the others were all gone; and they had to open a bag of peanuts that was under the counter and a keg of pickled limes that stood in the corner. Constance fairly hugged Miss Sharpe behind the door, although the governess was so dignified that she had never dared to do it before.

'I should be having the very best time that I ever had in my life if I were sure that Nellie Bly and her brother were safe,' she said.

While Constance was having this good time in the shop, Oswald at the toll-gate was so delighted that he thought he must soon get a chance to turn a somersault, or throw up his cap, or something; or he could not stand it. For, when they saw Judge Farrar's son at the toll-gate, people suddenly remembered that the town had voted to give all the toll for the month to the toll-keeper, in addition to his pay, just as they did for Thanksgiving week and Christmas week. They thought that the judge was letting his son help because the family was in need, and they began to refuse to take change, and to give dimes and quarters and even half-dollars instead of the three-cent toll, until Oswald's pockets fairly weighed him down, and it would not have been safe to turn a somersault, even if he had had a chance.

It was not until the sunset was dyeing the blue river with rainbow colors that Nellie Bly and Alphonso came hurrying home with their mother, whom they had overtaken at the Gobang end of the bridge. Nellie had found a policeman as soon as she reached Gobang, and he had rescued Alphonso from the bad boys. But he had chased them a long way before he caught them, and then he made Nellie and Alphonso go to the police-station with him to enter a complaint; and they had to wait for a captain of police to come in, and then had what they said taken down in writing. All this was because those boys had made a great deal of trouble, and they wished to be sure of putting them where they all would be taught to behave better.

Mrs. Bly was very much troubled when she heard how they had been obliged to leave the toll-gate and the little shop; and, when she knew just what had happened, and saw Oswald with his bulging pockets, and Constance with the money-drawer overflowing and a candy-jar full of money besides, she sat down on the empty orange-box and cried for joy.

She remembered a verse about 'the poor and him that hath no helper,' and she did not feel the least doubt that God had sent Constance and Oswald, although, for their part, they were only returning a kindness done to them and having the best of good times.

When Nellie Bly had breathlessly, joyfully taken it all in, she looked again at the fine carriage and at Michael still standing by his horses' heads, and then at Constance's yellow head, which of course was a good deal higher up than it had been two years before; and then she cried out with something between a sob and a laugh:

'Oh, oh, you are the kitten girl!'

And they threw their arms around each other's necks and kissed each other.

At the same time Alphonso was saying to Oswald, 'You are the kitten boy, aren't you?' and as they looked at each other, they knew that they liked each other and always should. They didn't even shake hands, but I suppose that was because they were boys.

An Indian Widow.

(Emily Dibdin, in the 'Cottager and Artisan.')

Not long ago a poor widow of Bengal was baptized by a missionary. She was poor and ignorant, yet she had the Spirit of Christ. One morning she set out for the bazaar to buy some vegetables. As she went down the road, she saw a young woman lying helpless by the roadside.

'What is the matter?' said the widow.

'They have turned me out to die,' said the sufferer. 'My baby died yesterday, and I am too weak to go about begging any more. So they have taken my little boy but they have done with me.'

'Would you not like to go to the hospital? They would take your little boy, too.'

'I cannot walk,' said the poor girl. 'How can I get there?'

'I will take you,' replied the widow, and she hastily set off in search of the child.

The relatives at first refused to let him go, but the threat of appeal to the police made them relent; and she carried off the little fellow, about four years of age, and put him by his mother, while she went in search of a carriage to convey them to the hospital.

A carriage was procured, but the driver refused to help her lift the sick woman, and no Hindu passing would touch her.

The widow was almost in despair, but she saw the old gardener of the Mission House, who was a Christian, a little way off. Hastening after him, she brought him to the spot, and together they lifted the sufferer into the carriage.

The mother lingered only three days, but her boy was placed in a home where he will have a Christian training. He has now learned to smile, which he never did at first.

An Indian widow is supposed to have caused the death of her husband by some sin of hers committed in a former life, and is treated by her relatives with the greatest harshness. But such a life had not soured this widow's nature. She refused to take the price of the carriage from the missionary, though her monthly wages are scarcely over ten shillings.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Parker Nomination—A Man at Last—The 'Springfield Republican,' New York 'Evening Post.'
Count Tolstoy on the War—'Rethink Yourselves'—Translated for the London 'Times.'
The Discreet Mandarin—The 'Times of India.'
The International Congress of Women—The 'Speaker,' London.
The Licensing Bill—A Great Obstacle in the Way of Reasonable Temperance Reform—By Sidney Peel, in the 'Outlook,' London, Conservative.
High Wages and Crime—The 'Daily Telegraph.'
France and Morocco—Ransoming an American Citizen—Henry C. Walsh, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
Service at Tennis—Lessons from the Brighton Championship Match—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
'Love in a Cottage' in England—By R., in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Musical Affectation—The 'Musical News,' London.
Mr. Frederick Sandys, the Last of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Constable Picture Discovered—The 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

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Speeches at the Unveiling of the Stevenson Memorial—The 'Standard,' London.
The Excesses of American Humor—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A History of Cardinal Newman—The 'Athenæum,' London.
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Wordless Novels—Suggested by 'Wordless Conversation.'—The New York 'Evening Post.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

When are Bananas Ripe?—The 'British Medical Journal.'
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When I'm a Man.

(Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.')

When I'm a man, a tall big man,
I'll do the things that Daddy can;
I'll go to London every day,
And throw my lesson-books away;
I'll read the papers then, instead,
And very late I'll go to bed!

I won't have Nursie any more,
I'll do without her then, I'm sure;
I'll give my hoop and toys away,
And learn such games as golf to play;
I'll wear a tall and shiny hat,
And talk of politics and that!'

'Well, well!' laughs Daddy, 'we shall see,
When you're a man how you will be;
But don't you think it's early days
For you to study grown-up ways?
Take my advice, and just enjoy
The time when you're a little boy!'

What I Like To Do.

(W. G., in 'Our Little Dots.')

How nice it is to play with gum,
Or, better still, with glue;
To mend up all your broken toys—
I do like gum, don't you?

How jolly 'tis to snip at things,
And chip them all about;
Big scissors are my great delight,
I love to cut things out.

It is such fun to hammer walls,
And knock in a great nail;
But if you sometimes hit your thumb,
It's quite another tale!

But when I grow into a man,
I won't have any rules;
I'll chop and saw just when I like,
And buy my own sharp tools!

Long Run by a Mouse.

A very strange accident that befell a mouse is thus reported by the Albany 'Express':

A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar, not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall to the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started, and the mouse naturally ran toward the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but couldn't get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found next morning it was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclometer showed that it had travelled over twenty-eight miles.

Some Strange Birds.

(Sarah B. Smith, in 'Youth's Companion.')

I do not suppose you have often seen birds like these, unless you live on the sea coast near their homes. They are called penguins; and although they look very clumsy on land, yet in the water they can dive and swim very swiftly.

You will see that their wings are not large enough to fly with, but they are useful in helping the bird to swim. As the penguin feeds on fish, it has to be a clever swimmer to catch them.

The bird whose picture is represented here does not swim in the water, although it feeds on fish. Its long thin legs make it able to stand or walk in the water and catch the fish in its great beak.

Although we should hardly know what to do with such long legs and beak, yet the bird finds them very useful. God always gives to His creatures just what they need for the life they have to live.—'Our Little Dots.'

How Raymond Learned.

Raymond had been sitting out on the porch for a long time playing with the kitten. At least he thought he had been playing with her; but she evidently did not agree with him, for she had just scratched his finger so that it bled. So it was an unhappy little boy who started out to find somebody to play with him.

Katie was in the kitchen making a cake, and, as he stood in the doorway watching her, the sound of the egg-beater said to him: 'Bzz, bzz, bzzy! Bzz, bzz, bzzy!' 'O Kate,' he said, 'come on and play with me a while.'

'I'd like to, Ray, but you see I'm busy,' she answered, as she mixed the eggs and the sugar in the big yellow bowl.

'Yes, I see,' replied Raymond. 'That's what the egg-beater was saying: "Busy, busy!"' And he ran off out into the back yard.

Papa was out there cutting the grass, and the lawn-mower made so much noise that he didn't hear his little boy when he called to him to come and play. When he reached the fence he turned, and asked over his shoulder: 'What is it, my son?' But Ray had been listening to the lawn-mower, and it had said: 'Bzz, bzz, bzzy!' just like the egg-beater, only much louder, so he said: 'I s'pose you're busy, papa, so I'll try and find somebody else to play with me.'

'Where's mamma, Katie?' he asked at the kitchen door.

'Upstairs in the sewing-room, I think.' And Ray trudged slowly upstairs to find her.

The door of the sewing-room was open; and, before he got to the landing Ray could hear the noise of

the sewing-machine. 'Bzz, bzz, bzzy!' it said. Ray stood and listened. Mother looked up at the end of her seam, and called to him to come in. 'Well, little boy, you look pretty mournful, it seems to me. What's the matter?' she asked, cheerily.

'I want somebody to play with me, mamma, 'cause kitty scratched me, and I don't like her any more; and everybody's busy but me, and I'm not having any fun at all. Katie's making cake, and the egg-beater says 'Busy' all the time; and papa's cutting the grass, and the mower says 'Busy;' and now your sewing machine says 'Busy,' too; and I guess I'm the only one in town that isn't busy!'

'Poor little son!' answered mother, stroking back the tangled hair from his forehead, 'How would you like to take a note to Aunt Mary for me, and bring me back an answer? You can get your velocipede, and ride down.'

'Oh, that would be fun,' said Ray. And in a few minutes he was speeding off over the pavement on his little tricycle. As he rode along, the wheels rattled on the stones, and a familiar sound came to his ear, 'Bzz, bzz, bzzy!' 'Why,' he cried, 'I guess I'm busy, too, just like everybody else! That's why I feel so good!'

Little Giants.

(By Charles McIlvaine, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

There never were any such horrible beings as Jack the Giant-Killer, in the story books, is said to have slain, or such as Homer, the great Greek poet, tells us the gods destroyed. There are big men and big women who are often seen with circuses and shows, along with a hand-organ, and a man to shout and take your dimes if you want to go in the show to look at them. Big people of this kind are called giants because they are bigger than most of us, and we are not used to seeing them. If all men and women were as tall as a church steeple, we would not call or think of them as giants. Children do not think that their fathers and mothers are giants.

Any thing can be called a giant that is very much larger than is usual with other things of the same kind. For instance, there is the giant clam, the giant cactus, the giant fennel.

The word giant is also used to denote that which is strong—especially that which is strong enough to conquer or get ahead of us. A man or a woman with a great brain put to great uses is called a mental giant. Mr. Lincoln and Stephen A Douglas were mental giants; yet Mr. Lincoln was very tall and thin, and Mr. Douglas was very short and dumpy.

What I want to make plain is that power, not size, is what makes real giants. For there are many things which we cannot see with the naked eye that are stronger than any of us—indeed stronger than all the people of the world put together. There is the particle of poison which gives us ague—chills and fever—that can shake the whole of us until our teeth chatter.

When cold weather comes, go out along the roadside or on the gravel walk, and look how beautifully Jack Frost has put particles of water together, made thousands of ice columns of them, and raised up by them great roofs of earth that rest upon them. See how ice bursts lead and iron water-pipes, and lifts huge stones. I have heard it burst trees in the forests with a noise like a big gun.

Often, when you are in the country, you see the root of a tree which runs through a great crack in a rock. When that root was fine as a thread of sewing cotton it found a tiny place in the rock into which it could enter. The root each year grew larger, and grew until it was stronger than the rock—it split it. Roots are made up of very small cells. Each one of these millions of cells exerts a power or strength while growing. Working together, as they do in a root, all helping, they split the rock. They are little giants. The strongest giant we know of is the tiny cell.

When a man wants to get a great block of marble or granite for a building or a monument, he bores a great many small holes along the line where he wishes to break the block from the mass in the quarry. Then he drives plugs of soft, dry wood into these holes and wets them. The plugs swell and split the rock. Little giants again. Sometimes quicklime is put into the holes and wet. It swells and bursts the block away. The small particles of lime, swelling all together, do this.

The little toadstool is often a giant in strength. You can find it forcing its way upward—cracking, lifting masses of earth many times its own weight, holding them as Atlas of old is said to have held up the earth. Atlas has two legs; the toadstool has but one. Yet it has the better of Atlas: he had nothing to stand on; the toadstool has.

I have seen whole trees stripped of their bark by one kind of toadstool. The entire flag pavement of a city street was at one time lifted up and tumbled about by toadstools. Toadstools are our best foresters, working night and day. Their cobwebby vines, from which they grow, work in the decaying wood of our forest trees, clearing it away, using it for their own food. They eat off dead branches and dead trees, and fell them to the ground, where they go on devouring them until, after many years, there is nothing left but wood mold. The toadstools change the dead wood and leaves into food for the living and growing trees. If it were not for the little toadstools we would not have any forests. They do a marvellous work.

The yeast plant is a little giant. See how it puffs up bread, biscuit, cakes, and makes them light. It is so small that it can only be seen through a strong microscope. We put a little of it (it is a fungus—toadstool) into a pan of dough. It grows rapidly, makes carbonic acid gas, and this puffs up the dough.

Consumption, smallpox, typhoid and scarlet fevers, measles, chicken-pox, and many other diseases, are carried by things so small that we cannot, unaided, see them.

A flea can make us jump, a fly rile us, a mosquito drive us indoors. An ant carries many times its own weight. You cannot hold some of the beetles in your hand. Look at the work of the honey-bee, the enormous hills made by ants, the nest of the mason-wasp; see the tunnel of the groundmole, the holes bored by the woodpecker family, and other work done by hundreds of little giants. Earthworms have buried the ruins of great cities.

A giant is as a giant does.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 7.

God Taking Care of Elijah.

I. Kings xvii., 1-16.

Golden Text.

He careth for you. I. Peter v., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 1.—I. Kings xvii., 1-7.
Tuesday, Aug. 2.—I. Kings xvii., 8-16.
Wednesday, Aug. 3.—I. Kings xvii., 17-24.
Thursday, Aug. 4.—Luke iv., 23-31.
Friday, Aug. 5.—Ps. xxxvii., 16-26.
Saturday, Aug. 6.—Ps. lxiii., 1-11.
Sunday, Aug. 7.—Jas. v., 10-20.

1. And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.

2. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,

3. Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.

4. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.

5. So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.

6. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

7. And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land.

8. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,

9. Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

10. So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.

11. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.

12. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and for my son, that we may eat it, and die.

13. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son.

14. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

15. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days.

16. And the barrel of oil wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We cannot study the history of the Israelites without giving much attention to the prophets. In these lessons on the divided kingdom we have been considering the kings so far. Now we take up the wonderful story of Elijah, the prophet, one of the grand figures of the Old Testament.

The lesson for to-day follows in I. Kings immediately after that of last week. The time is in the reign of Ahab, about nine centuries before Christ. Ahab reigned twenty-two years, and did what was evil, as we have seen, but God longed to save Israel from their sin, and now comes this majestic figure of the prophet into the history.

These lessons upon Elijah are full of most helpful spiritual teaching. The history of Israel is very like that of an individual man or woman, hence much benefit is to be derived from the study of these lessons with their spiritual application made prominent.

Nor is this a fanciful idea. In I. Corinthians x., 11, Paul says, concerning the history of the Jews, 'Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.'

In these lessons upon which we now enter we have the experiences of a righteous man endeavoring to do God's will, how he was discouraged and encouraged, how he became weary and was strengthened again. Many of us to-day, feeling utterly heartsick concerning the spiritual unconcern and unresponsiveness to our efforts need to study this wonderful 'ensample' of that olden time, remembering that we, in all our own perplexities, have to do with this same God who cared for Elijah.

THE LESSON STUDY.

The Man Elijah.—'And Elijah the Tishbite who was of the sojourners of Gilead.' (Revised Version.) Elijah comes into the history of Israel with singular abruptness. Nothing is told of his parents, and his birthplace is unknown. He comes suddenly across the path of the wicked Ahab as a messenger from the God from whom Ahab had offended.

Gilead, the region in which the prophet was either sojourning or where he lived, was a wild rugged country east of the Jordan river. F. B. Meyer says of it, "Its hills were covered all over with shaggy forests; its awful solitudes were only broken by the dash of mountain streams; its valleys were the haunts of fierce wild beasts.'

From such a country, whose inhabitants were as hardy as their land was rough, came this man of God. Some of the strongest men of the world have come from its solitudes, and Elijah was one of these. Taylor says:

'For many a wild, in many a land, and many a peak sublime,
Can tell how solitude with God breeds souls that conquer time.'

In such a fact and from such examples comes encouragement to young people who imagine their lives wasted because spent in out of the way and obscure places.

The Message to Ahab.—'As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew or rain these years, but according to my word.'

Notice that Elijah began his message by using the name of the very God whom Ahab had deserted for Baal. Elijah did not accommodate his warning to Ahab as an idolater, but as a disobedient Israelite who had forsaken the God of his fathers. The certainty of the fulfilment of his terrible announcement is assured in the name of Israel's offended God. It was a reminder as well as a message.

In our cooler climate, where water is plentiful, we cannot realize what a drouth means in a warm climate like that of Palestine, especially when it is long continued. The recent terrible famine in India was the result of a drouth.

At the Brook Cherith.—'Hide thyself by the brook Cherith.'

Any waiting at the court of Ahab was now unnecessary, and might have put the prophet's life in danger, on account of his unwelcome message. But God did not intend to desert the prophet who faithfully served him, and Elijah is now directed to a place in the wilderness, where he is to be nourished. Cherith was a water course whose location is not exactly known, though it is thought to have emptied into the Jordan from the East.

'I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.' God never commands the impossible, though to us it sometimes looks that way. If Elijah was to hide in this out of the way place provision was to be made for sustaining his life. The brook would furnish him water and the ravens would bring him food. This is the promise, and Elijah 'went and did according to the word of the Lord.'

'The brook dried up.' Morning and evening Elijah was provided with food, and the brook gave him water, until after a while the drouth caused the brook to dry up.

Here is one of the things that troubles and mystifies us, as perhaps it did Elijah. He was obeying God perfectly, yet the very means God had provided to sustain his life was now failing him. This was a place for faith, for waiting to see what God would do, and God was not forgetful of his servant.

The Widow of Zarephath.—'Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.'

Elijah was compelled to leave Cherith when the babbling of the brook ceased, not because God could not have sustained him there any longer, but because God had use for him elsewhere. Often, when one thinks himself settled safely in some place and at some work suddenly the brook of his resources there all dries up, and he must listen again for the voice that is to direct him to new places for God's ways are not our ways.

So Elijah is told to go to 'Zarephath which belongeth to Zidon,' that is, he was to leave the soil of Israel and go to a Gentile town. It is to be noted that in going here he was entering the territory of 'Ethbaal king of the Zidonians,' whose daughter was Jezebel, Ahab's wife, as we saw last week. Perhaps Elijah would be especially safe here, as Ahab would hardly seek him in a country naturally hostile to the prophet.

Then, God had the interests of others besides Elijah before him. Remember God does not use and direct us simply for our own welfare, but for his glory and the good of our fellows as well.

'As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse.' Elijah finds the widow gathering sticks for a fire, and after asking her for some water, he calls after her for some bread. Then the poor woman shows how she has reached the end of her own resources.

You see God planned for the poor woman and her son, as well as for the prophet, for Elijah has come 'in the nick of time.' He repeats now his request for food, but adds the promise of a miracle. The meal and the oil were to last as long as the drouth and the famine. In receiving this prophet of God, she received God himself with his power to save her. See Matthew x., 40-42.

'And she, and he, and her house did eat many days.' In the midst of this heathen kingdom, and during these long weary days when the land was drying up for want of rain, and when famine prevailed, this little company was provided for in the widow's house at Zarephath. Read also of the additional blessing that came to this woman, as told in the remainder of this chapter.

The lesson for August 14 is 'Obadiah and Elijah.' I. Kings xviii., 1-16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 7.—Topic—God's guiding hand in our lives. I. Chron. xxix., 10-12; Luke xii, 1-7. (Experience meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

JACOB AND ISRAEL.

Monday, Aug. 1.—On the way home. Gen. xxxii., 1, 2.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.—Afraid of his brother. Gen. xxxii., 3-8.

Wednesday, Aug. 3.—Jacob's prayer. Gen. xxxii., 9-12.

Thursday, Aug. 4.—A present for Esau. Gen. xxxii., 13-21.

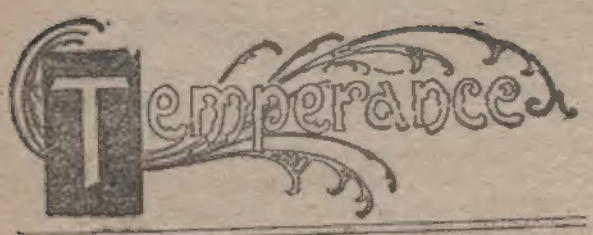
Friday, Aug. 5.—God's promise. Ps. l., 15.

Saturday, Aug. 6.—Power over the angel. Hos. xii., 4.

Sunday, Aug. 7.—Topic—How Jacob became Israel. Gen. xxxii., 22-32.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



Drink and Crime.

RESULTS OF INDULGENCE IN INTOXICANTS—HEREDITY OF EVIL.

In his famous book upon 'Crime, Its Causes and Its Remedies,' Professor Lombroso discusses incidentally the liquor evil which he finds to be one of the most prolific causes of the criminality that is so prevalent and so disastrous. Here are some striking paragraphs from this author's great work:

'One of the most fatal effects of alcoholism is pauperism. The alcoholic father has blind, idiotic, paralytic children; and even though they be rich, they must end in poverty, for they can neither think nor work. It is a fact that with the increase in wages, drunkenness and its accompanying crimes also increase. In Lancashire, for instance, with the increase of wages from 8s. to 11s., the mortality caused by drunkenness grew from 495 to 1,304, and the crimes from 1,335 to 3,878. . . . During the famine in London in 1860-61, not a single one of the 7,900 members of the Temperance Society applied for aid.'

In regard to alcoholism and crime statistics, he says: 'Alcoholism is connected directly with crime, both from the social and the pathological point of view. We find a first proof in these statistics, which show a great increase in crime in civilized lands, explicable only by the excessive abuse of alcoholic drinking, the consumption of these liquors being in constant proportion to the increase in crime. . . . Not only are habitual drunkards immoral, but their children are habitual criminals.

'Alcohol, in fine, is a cause of delinquencies, because some use it to become intoxicated, and others are led to crime by drunkenness; sometimes rascals seek courage in it to commit their crimes, and then try to use it as an excuse. It is certain that many young men are led to crime by drunkenness, and still more certain that the saloon is the place in which criminals meet to plan crimes, as well as the place in which they spend their ill-gotten gains.'

'According to Marambat, of 3,500 convicts examined by him, 78 percent were drunkards, 79 percent of these were vagabonds and beggars, 50 percent of the assassins and 75 percent of the incendiaries were drunkards. Marro found that drunkards stood in the first rank as highway robbers, 82 percent.'

He says: 'It is a well-known fact that far from rendering rigorous temperatures more tolerable, alcohol actually augments the dangers of extreme cold or extreme heat. In the polar regions, as well as in the Indies, the sailors and soldiers, thinking to gain greater power to resist fatigue, really aggravate their condition by drinking alcoholic liquors. In cholera epidemics the occasional drinkers were attacked far more severely than the total abstainers. The mortality among abstainers was only 19.9 percent; among the drinkers, 91 percent.'—'Pioneer.'

Are You Not Mistaken?

(The Rev. George Gladstone, Glasgow, in the 'Temperance Vanguard.')

He who never made a mistake never made anything else. To err is human. But that is no good reason for continuing in folly. Even fools should be taught by experience to become wise. And if we go on repeating mistakes, we cannot escape being filled with the fruits of our doings. We must reap as we sow. Besides, our mistakes may unutterably injure others.

'A mistaken command has lost a battle; a mistaken movement has lost an Empire.' Many a stately vessel has been wrecked, because the captain, neglectful or excited through strong drink, gave foolish orders. And many a young man's life has ended in failure, because he was swayed by the mistake of another. It is easier to work ruin through our mistakes, than to repair the ruin once it is wrought.

A friend, advising one under the influence of strong drink as to how to get home, said that at the top of the road he would see two cabs, and bade him take the first, for there was but one. Strong drink distorts the vision and dulls the brain. Under its influence, men see confusedly and wrongly. Ready to ascribe their mistakes to anything else except the drink, they often blame where no blame is due. We are told of a man staggering round and round the railings of a public square, and then indignantly exclaiming, 'The scoundrels —they have locked me in.' It never struck him that he had unmanned himself, made himself a staggering, pitiful imbecile for the time.

Through strong drink men doubly play the fool. But mistakes are made about strong drink by others beside those who made themselves helplessly drunken. In most hurtful ignorance of the true character and inevitable results of strong drink, and in foolish prejudice, some maintain a hostile attitude to the temperance reform. For example, many imagine that alcoholic liquor is food. In England beer is regarded as needful to strength, and throughout Scotland some still use intoxicating liquors as 'sustaining.' The mistake has been exposed again and again by the highest medical authority. Any nourishment they have is infinitesimal, while their cost is extravagant.

Those who drink to keep up their strength not only miss the substance in pursuit of the shadow, but they persistently drain away the strength they have. Husks are poor feeding, but strong drink is poorer still. So it is a mistake to suppose that alcoholic liquor is 'good for health.' That mistake has cost so many lives. It is long since hundreds of medical men testified, that alcohol is the parent of disease and the foe of life. And in later years the demonstrations of science have put the matter beyond controversy, that total abstinence helps to clearness of vision and strength of muscle, and steadiness of nerve.

The Puzzled Gentleman From Japan.

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government, who had been in Japan, and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

'Is that an officer making an arrest?' asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk-waggon.

'Not exactly,' replied the official; 'he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise, he will arrest him.'

'What is impure milk?'

'Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water.'

'Is the chalk poison?'

'Oh, no; it impairs the quality, that's all.'

'Does water in milk make anybody sick?'

'Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk, he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk.'

'But you say no one is hurt by it.'

'Feelings are hurt, that's all.'

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened, and a man who came staggering out, tripped, struck his head up against a lamp-post, and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

'What is the matter with that man,' asked the foreigner from Japan.

'Full of benzine,' replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

'Benzine! What is that?'

'It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whiskey, you understand.'

'Is there any good whiskey?'

'Oh, yes; there is good whiskey, but some saloons made more money by selling bad.'

'Bad whiskey is a poison?'

'Deadly poison, sometimes.'

'Has the man a license to sell whiskey the same as the milkman has to sell milk?'

'Of course, or he couldn't carry on business.'

'And do you inspect the whiskey as you do the milk?'

'Never.'

'Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which do no harm in particular, you say.'

'Ahem,' said the city official, twisting about uneasily, 'let's look at the markets.'

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

'What do they do that for?' asked the Japanese.

'To see that the meat is healthful,' was the reply.

'If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat, would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do that?'

'Why, certainly not.'

'Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whiskey, which kills the people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country.'—'Epworth Herald.'

Fifteen Year's Ago.

I wandered to a grog-shop, Tom, I stood beside the bar,
And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a bad cigar;
The same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know
When we were on the round-up, Tom, some fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those cherished sporty men,
And some were in the poorhouse, Tom, and some were in the pen.
And one, the one we liked the best, the hangman laid him low;
The world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar, and call for crimson ink;
New hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't drink;
But still the same old watchword rings, 'This round's on me, you know!'
The same old cry of doom we heard some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves in red fermented waves;
And there were women sleeping there, where grass and daisies grow,
Who wept and died of broken hearts some fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children slept, have slept for many a year,
Forgetful of the woes that marked their fitful sojourn here;
And 'neath the tall, white monument, in death there lieth low,
The man who used to sell the booze some fifteen years ago.

—J. S. Holden, in St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

Christian Responsibility.

In the xiv. chapter of the Epistle to the Romans St. Paul discusses this question, and he lays down this, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' which means not that whatever a man can't do with a good conscience is sin, but whatever a man cannot do without a good Christian conscience. The Apostle tells us all through that chapter that a Christian conscience depends on two things. A man's conscience is Christian when he keeps it always under two things, and of these two we may say the first is an inspiration and the second is a restraint. The inspiration comes from Christ's Cross, and the Apostle lets us see that when he says, 'Destroy not with thy might him for whom Christ died.'

Do not count your drink or meat either dearer to you than Christ counted his life. He gave that for men, and no conduct is on the level of Christian duty unless it is looked at by men as Christ looked at them, unless it sees in men what Christ saw in them, unless it would do for men what Christ did for their sake.—Professor Denny.

Correspondence

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I had never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. My papa take the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. My grandpa took it for a great many years, and now papa takes it. We live on a farm, and I would not like to live in a town or city at all. I am a girl of twelve years. I go to school every day, and like it very much. I have one little brother. He is two months' old, and is my only pet. I have read a number of books. The names of some are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' and a lot more. I live near a river and go fishing in the summer holidays.

J. PHYLLIS G.

Louisburg, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nearly twelve years old. As my birthday is on July 22, I thought I would write in time to have my name put in the Birthday Book. We have a fine harbor here, and it is lovely in summer. There is a marine hospital being built quite near where I live. It is a very nice building. We expect to have it finished this fall. I have read a great many books. The Pansy Books are my favorites. I read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a few weeks ago, and thought it fine. Topsy was great. I do not like the Elsie Books so very much. I thought 'Elsie' was too good to be human. I have read 'Sky Pilot,' 'Captain Jannary,' 'Black Beauty,' 'St. Elmo,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and many others. I have just been reading the 'Messenger.' I liked the 'Red Hair Story' very much. I thought it was going to turn out that Liddy threw the burrs into Blanche's hair, but I liked the way it did turn out better. A White Ribbon Army was organized in our Sunday-school some time ago. All of the children that were present joined. The pledges were against drinking, smoking, and profanity. It is vacation again, and no doubt a great many of us are glad. I have two sisters and one brother. They all go to school, but I do not. I have eleven aunts, eight uncles, three great-aunts, three great-uncles, and over eighty first cousins. That is quite a list, isn't it? From your little friend,

CHRISTINE A. M. McK.

West Templeton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in the county of Wright, township of Templeton, Quebec. We are living about four miles from Ottawa. We have a good view of the city from here. I am four feet six inches high. There are many kinds of flowers here in the spring, such as dog-tooth violets, trilliums, Dutchman's breeches, Jack-in-the-pulpits, and many ferns. They are very pretty. I have three dogs and two cats for pets. This is a very pretty place in the summer.

MAMIE K.

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for several years, and like it very much I got a Bagster Bible this year for getting four subscribers, and last year I got one of your fountain pens, and I was very much pleased with both of the premiums. I am in the fourth grade at school. My papa is a station agent on the Halifax and South-Western Railway, and I am learning telegraphy in his office. I have two brothers and one sister. For pets we have a cat named Blacksie and two rabbits. My birthday is on Jan. 9. I am ten years old.

RAY P. D.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' so I will now. I have no brothers or sisters. My little twin brother and sister died. Mamma and I like the 'Messenger' so much. I both get it at the Sunday-school and subscribe for it. We distribute them around to folks in the hospitals and to others. I have given my heart to Jesus. I hope all the boys and girls will, too. My birthday is on June 30. I was nine years old on my last birthday.

CLIFTON C. C.

Kingsey, Trenholm.

Dear Editor,—My mother died when I was two years old, and I have lived with my grandpa and grandma on a farm ever since. It is about two miles and a half from the Methodist Church, Trenholm, Que., and about seven miles from Richmond Station. I never went to school very much. It is about a mile and a half, and I have to be carried in winter; there is no school in summer. I have had very good teachers.

FLORENCE MAY B.

Wilsonville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I just passed into the senior fourth. I was twelve years old on February 29. I have only had two real birthdays. I had one last February. Mamma was going to have a party for me, and invite my first cousins, of which I have between thirty-five and forty. Does any of the little readers have more than that? I was sick for nearly two months about that time, so I did not have it. Is there any little girl whose birthday is on the same date as mine?

VERA V. N.

Hibernia, Queens Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for almost two years. A lady sent it to me for a present last year, and this year papa gave it to me, and I would not want to do without it now. I live on a farm. I have one brother ten years old, but no sister. I love flowers. My favorite flower is the rose. I have planted quite a lot of flower seeds this season.

Lelia E. S. (aged 13).

Harbor Buffett.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year I have taken the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, and I am going to take it again this year. I have three sisters and one brother; two of them are married and one is living on Belle Isle, Conception Bay. My father is a fisherman. We are living in Harbor Buffett, but we are going to Belle Island to live. I have one little neice, named Ethel Jane, and she is a great pet with us. I have two grandmothers living, but no grandfather. We have two cows and five sheep.

EDITH E. D. (aged 14).

Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Cape Sable Island, I thought that I would write one. I do not go to school now as there is none. The school closed on June 10, as we are having a new school built. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for eight or nine years, and we could not do without it. I have two sisters and four brothers, and I have two sisters and one brother dead. My youngest brother is in Yarmouth. I am the youngest of the family. My father is a fisherman. My oldest brother is married. I have one little nephew, and he is very cunning. I attend the Advent Church. We are going to have our church building fixed over this summer. I have one grandfather and one step-grandmother. We live near the shore, and it is very pretty in the summer time. My brother was home from Yarmouth this summer, and he stayed for a week. We have a Band of Hope, and I belong to it. Our pastor's name is the Rev. William H. My father went to Boston last fall. I shall be fourteen years old on October 26 next, and I have a brother whose birthday is the same day.

E. E. N.

Travels of a Missionary Magazine.

Mr. Walter Sloan, speaking at a meeting of the China Inland Mission, said: 'A lady in London made it a part of her service for the Lord to collect periodicals, missionary papers, and others, and to put them in large bags to go down to the East End to one of the places where foreign sailors come, and to give them these bags containing these papers, in the hope that they would read them when they went to sea, and in that way some of them might be led to Christ. Amongst the papers that were put into these bags there were often copies of "China's Millions," the organ of the China Inland Mission. A Norwegian sailor got one of these bags, and took it over to his own land. This was in the year 1886. It so happened that two Christian ladies were brought into contact with this man, and somehow or another this paper which he had so brought fell into their hands. They had never heard of the China Inland Mission before, but by this link they got into connection with it. They heard of the special way in which the missionaries trusted God for their support, and looked directly to Him; and this commended itself very much to them. It seemed as though this was just the line of work that their own hearts longed to enter upon; and ultimately they came over to London, and went out to China in connection with the mission.'

Fresh Air.

An employer, says the 'Youth's Companion,' who had attended a free lecture on hygiene recently supplied fresh air to a workroom where some dressmakers had long served in a close atmosphere. After a few days the women complained that the fresh air gave them such appetites that they had to pay a third more for their meals, and that unless wages were increased they would prefer to go back to the close atmosphere. Investigation showed that the women had accomplished more work in the ventilated room than ever before. The employer wisely raised wages, and has since added better lights to the improved ventilation.

Easy to Help Down.

A father bade his son set up some bricks endways in regular line a short distance apart, relates an exchange. 'Now,' said he, 'knock down the first brick,' and the boy obeyed, and all the others fell with it.

'Now,' said the father, 'raise the last brick, and see if the others will rise with it.' But no; once down, they must be raised singly.

The father continued: 'I have given you this object lesson to teach you how easy it is for one to lead others astray, but how difficult for him to restore them, however sincere his repentance may be.'—'Catholic News.'

Rebuked by a French Scholar

A celebrated French scholar of the sixteenth century, called Muretus, who was of insignificant appearance, was taken ill on a journey and carried to a hospital where he was not known. His illness was an uncommon one, and the doctors decided to try an unusual cure; one foolishly said to another in Latin, thinking their patient would not understand, 'We may surely venture to try an experiment on the body of so mean a man.' 'Mean, sirs!' exclaimed Muretus, speaking to their great astonishment in Latin also, 'can you venture to call any man so for whom the Saviour of the world did not think it beneath him to die?' —'Ram's Horn.'

Her Religion in Her Face.

The story is related of a young lady missionary in Japan who was travelling on one occasion by steamer from one seaport to another in the island kingdom. On the same boat was a Japanese merchant, so worried and depressed by business reverse that he was seriously contemplating suicide. He saw the foreign lady quietly watching the beautiful view with such an expression of peace and absolute satisfaction on her face that he really could not refrain from looking at her again and again. She was a stranger to him, but he longed to ask her the secret of her happiness. His own restless, burdened heart cried out for the inner calm which could so stamp its impress upon the countenance.

In his distress and desperation he felt that he must know. He ventured to address her, and his profound respect was evident in both his words and his manner. He unburdened his heart and asked if she could give him the secret of the wonderful peace which told its own sweet story to those who looked upon her face.

It was her rare privilege to tell this suffering soul of Jesus and his redemption, and the forgiveness of sin which alone can bring with it the 'peace which passeth all understanding.' —'Ram's Horn.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

Kitchen and Conveniences.

THE HOMELIER DUTIES.

(The New York 'Observer.')

The care of dainty silver, glass and china is interesting work, and perhaps that is why we see so much space in the woman's columns devoted to it, but the kitchen sink heaped with pots, pans and other paraphernalia peculiar to a boiled dinner, in all their stages of soot and greasiness, is not so inspiring; neither is a stove bespattered by bacon and liver, the dripping pan from a lamb roast, and the vegetable kettles that usually accompany it, especially if in addition there is a beanpot left soaking from the previous meal.

The long-handled dishmop and the dainty, white apron which the newspape.'s ideal housekeeper is supposed to use, do not seem just in place, so let us hunt up a serviceable apron of gingham or dark print, roll up our sleeves and get to work to see if we cannot make these homelier duties pleasanter.

As in every profession, system and preliminary aids, also improved machinery, simplify the work in a kitchen. It is the unsystematic woman who never has any dishwater, who allows her rice kettle to dry up, and her fire to go out when she most needs it. If one has been broiling a steak with all the draughts wide open she should not forget to regulate them before going into the dining-room for the fire may have spent itself and be beyond repair when the meal is finished. It often happens that one must fry something when the stove is fresh from the polisher's hand. A cover may be used, but it serves to toughen the meat or fish beneath, so when frying anything that 'sputters' one should use a large piece of asbestos paper, having a hole the size of the stove hole cut from the centre, placing it before you put on the frying-pan. This costs but a trifle, and with care will last years, and save the stove from all grease and spatter. If one lives where asbestos paper cannot be obtained, she can imitate a friend who uses a large sheet of thick brown paper, but she should be careful it does not fire when placing it.

Always remember to put cold water in the kettle in which rice, oatmeal and other gelatinous foods have been cooked; fill it as soon as the viand has been turned out; and set it back upon the stove; by the time you are ready to wash it the obstinate scrapings are thoroughly loosened and the kettle is quickly washed. In clearing away the dinner leave the table in order for the next meal, and this includes refilling the salt shakers and other trifles that if left undone make awkward moments for the woman who is both mistress and maid. Do not put the dishes and kettles helter-skelter in the sink, pile plates and other dishes by themselves, making room to work in.

We sometimes grow weary with the oft-repeated injunction to 'wash the glass and silver first,' but careless housekeepers need frequent reminders, and it is not a fashion merely, but an economical and cleanly habit, for only the cleanest towel and freshest suds will give glass the perfect polish. If other articles have been wiped first, the towel is of course damp, and one has to rub glass several minutes, and even then one's labor is not rewarded by a clear lintless surface, but the same towel may be used for the china unless there is much of it.

Save soiling your dress sleeves by pushing them up on the arm and slipping rubber bands about them, the ordinary kind used about documents, having them hung near the dish-pan when not in use.

Regarding soap and dishcloths, we find the former not economical, a piece soon melts away, especially if it drops beneath the submerged dishes; we prefer to make the suds at the outset, using a small teaspoonful of pearline to a dishpan two-thirds full of quite warm water, objecting to very hot water as it dulls the luster of expensive china, and is apt to crack glassware. As hot as the hands can be comfortable in is a safe rule for dish-water.

Some are deluded with the idea that cotton crash for two to five cents a yard is more economical than linen crash for five to ten cents a yard; it is not, it hard and unyielding, and does not absorb the water, at least not until it is nearly worn out, then it leaves the china and glass linty and it soon grows gray. Good linen crash wipes and polishes without effort. A cake of mineral soap and a wire pot chain are indispensable for the more obstinate cases of 'burning on.'

Experience has convinced us that the less contact we have with soot the better the condition of our hands and temper, so we dispose of it before washing the kettle or pan, rubbing it off with old newspapers which we burn at once; the surplus grease of the frying pan, also the greasy line that forms about the dishpan after the last dishes are washed, are disposed of in like manner. If the tea-kettle and tank are washed and wiped once each day they will keep clean and bright.

To keep the stove clean we wipe it off with an old soft cloth, black from usage, first drawing a clean paper bag over our hand to protect it from the rag, and so the actual blackening is successfully put off. In caring for ashes, blackening the stove and all such work, we most cheerfully recommend our paper bag gloves, which cost nothing, and are always at hand. Do not consider the kitchen work finished until the sink is sweet and clean. Sprinkle a little pearline about it, particularly above the waste pipe, pour on a little hot water, and with a small scrubbing brush, that comes for the purpose, and costs but five cents, wash both sides and bottom, then with a more liberal amount of water rinse it down, rinsing the brush too; in caring for a granite sink, the brush is positively necessary, for the tiny indentures catch and hold the sink waste.

Many use kerosene upon a rusty iron sink, but salt'ess grease is much safer. When stoppage occurs use chloride of lime, a small quantity, then boiling water.

Economy in cooking utensils means a great waste of valuable time, and yet it is not always the cost of a coveted article but the neglect to purchase it that keeps it out of our kitchen. We get accustomed to using the old-time wooden tray and chopping knife, and think we would like a patent chopper, as the advertisements look so attractive, yet we put off sending the mail order, or when in town it slips our mind altogether. A lady had a pancake turner given her not long ago, and she is wondering now how she ever kept house without it; 'to think that it only cost five cents,' she said.

There are indeed a great number of useful articles on the five and ten cent counters, the little tins to drop eggs in and keep them whole and round, the frying basket to fry doughnuts, pancakes, fruit fritters and French fry potatoes, which drains them so nicely and fries them so evenly; the little iron kettle chain for clearing sticky kettles, the lemon borer, that removes the juice and strains it from seeds at the same time; the potato and vegetable masher, that leaves the potatoes light and snowy, the tin jelly or ice cream mould, the graters that grate the lemon or nutmeg without grating the finger, the glass that measures the teaspoonful, gill, etc., and many other little articles that save us time and strength.

Among the patent articles recently seen at the Food Fair held in Boston, was a crystal washboard, of thick glass, that would not wear through and tear the knuckles like zinc, an ideal cake tin, with an adjustable bottom, which made 'sticking' utterly impossible, a mop wringer that is attached to one side of the top of the pail, the mop to be slipped between its wooden rollers, springs supplying the pressure needed to wring it dry, and in this way one need not stoop or wet the fingers in the least. The operator has simply to stand and pull the mop between the rollers. With this device one can use very hot water, and solutions of lye or carbolic that are sometimes necessary in housecleaning or after contagious diseases. Its advantages in cold weather when washing porches and steps will be easily recognized, too, and yet it is not an expensive article. There are many kinds of meat choppers, but one can now get a good one for $1 or $1.25. A bread raiser is also a great convenience; it is similar to an ordinary tin bread pan, but is supplied with a close fitting cover. It costs, I believe, only fifty cents, yet women still continue to cover their old time pan with a towel or tablecloth and have a quarter of an hour's work in scraping off the dough the next morning. A graising pan that will make low-priced beef and tough fowl tender is a convenience that should be found in every home where economy is necessary and will pay for itself many times over.

The oyster broiler is also a useful little article and can be used for fish, bacon and other viands that are prone to drop to pieces or curl at slight provocation. Every kitchen should boast a pair of scales, and every dairy a dairy thermometer. A good supply of kitchen spoons, knives, forks, etc., is also a blessing, and light weight kettles of agate should take the place of the old back-breaking iron dinner pot, which with the iron tea-kettle should now be classed among the antiquities.

Hot Weather Hints.

The secret of culinary blunders and unsavory concoctions is usually careless measurement. 'A cupful,' in this department, as in standard books on cooking, means the half-pint baking cup, marked in thirds and quarters, which is used by cooks. 'A tablespoonful' means a spoon rounding as much above its rim as below. 'A level spoonful' is a spoon holding enough to just fill it to the edge of its rim.

It is only after measurements have become second nature by long experience and practice that the apparent 'slap dash' style described in Table Talk, under the head of 'The Personal Equation in Cooking' is possible:

An appetizing dish of eggs and cheese is the following, called Swiss eggs: Spread the bottom of a small ornamental earthenware pudding dish with two tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and cover this with thin slices of nice cheese. Break open four large new eggs, and place them on the cheese without breaking the yolks. Season the dish with pepper and salt, pour two or three tablespoonfuls of rich cream over the mixture and then cover the top with grated cheese. Bake until the eggs are nicely set and the dish a delicate brown. Garnish with tiny sprays of parsley and serve in the baking dish with thin slices of toast and an acid preserve.

A simple dish of grated cheese and toast is appetizing on the supper table at this season. Toast six rather thin slices of stale bread, lightly, over a quick fire. Butter each slice as it comes from the toaster, and, moistening it a little, cover with grated cheese to about the thickness of the slice. Keep the toast near the fire in a covered dish until it is ready to serve.—'Union Gospel News.'

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